



THE STANDARD.
OFFICE IN HOFFMAN'S HALL,
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY
LAIRD & MATHEWS.

TERMS.
The paper will be sent according to order, per year, in advance, for \$1.00. If not paid within four weeks, \$1.50. These terms will be rigidly adhered to. To insure a discontinuance at the end of the time subscribed for, all arrears must be paid, and positive directions given to that effect. Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked on them, will be continued until forlorn, and charged accordingly.

BUSINESS CARDS.

NOTICE.

DR. H. ADAMS,
PROFESSOR OF PROFESSIONAL SERVICES TO THE
CITIZENS OF JACKSON AND VICINITY.
—OFFICE—
On Pearl street, next door to the Baptist Church
June 16, 1853. 12—

DR. E. FITZGERALD.
Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Jackson and vicinity.
—OFFICE—
And Residence at the Franklin Hotel
Aug. 18, '53. 21—

D. A. HOFFMAN,
Physician & Surgeon,
JACKSON, C. H. O.
Office—At D. Hoffman's Store, where he may at all times be found when not absent on professional business.
May 15, 1851—4f.

WM. S. WILLIAMS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAK HILL, JACKSON CO., O.
—OFFICE—At OAK HILL, where he may be found at all times, when not absent on professional business. When absent, all messages left at T. Lloyd Hughes' Esq. will be promptly attended to.
June 23, 1853. 13—4f

STANLEY & STARKEY,
ATTORNEYS
AND
Counsellors at Law,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
COUNTY LAND & PENSION AGENTS,
JACKSON, OHIO.

ATTEND to the practice of their Profession, in obtaining Patents, buying, selling, and obtaining Land Warrants, selling and Leasing Real Estate, examining Land Titles, collection of claims, &c.
All Communications from a distance must be sent by Post.
Office in Public Building, up stairs.
May 12, '53—4f.

R. C. HOFFMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
JACKSON, C. H. O.
Will attend the Courts in Jackson, Athens, Pike, Vinton, and Gallia counties.
—OFFICE—One door south-west of Daniel Hoffman's Store.
August 9th, '49—1y.

O. F. MOORE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.
Will attend the Courts in Jackson, Pike, Scioto and Lawrence counties, and will at all times faithfully to all business entrusted to his care.
Oct. 4, 1849.—no27y1

H. S. BUNDY,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law.
Will attend the Courts in Jackson, Vinton and Athens counties.
Nov. 28, 1850—1y.

ANSELM T. HOLCOMB,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
JACKSON AND VINTON.
Will practice in the counties of Jackson and Vinton.
Vinton, Gallia Co. Sept. 30, '52.

JOSEPH BRADBURY,
Attorney at Law.
Will practice in the counties of Jackson and Vinton.
Keyserville, Gallia Co. Sept. 30, 1852.

FLOUR STORE!
THE UNION MILLS having undergone a complete and thorough repair, we are now manufacturing and keep constantly on hand, a large stock of very superior
FLOUR, AT THE LOWEST MARKET PRICE.
The highest Cash price paid for Wheat and Hides.
ROBINSON, SONS & CO.
Portsmouth, June 23, 1853. 13—

W. C. ROBERTS,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in
Chancery,
LOGAN, HOCKING COUNTY, O.
Will attend the Courts in Jackson, Vinton, Athens, Perry, Muskingum, Ross and Fairfield counties, and will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care. Will also act as general Land Agent—for the sale of land and the payment of taxes, &c., in any of the above counties.
April 17, 1851.

R. BELL & CO.,
WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, AND CAPS.
LEAFER AD PINE DINGS,
NO. 5, ENTERPRISE ROW, FRONT ST.
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.
Mr. R. B. Bell having purchased the interest of Davis & Smith in the above named establishment, and the present firm, under the former title, having taken the large and spacious rooms on Front street, formerly occupied by Walker & Robinson as a Flour Store, would respectfully invite the attention of dealers to their very large stock, assuring all that they will sell good stock as low as any other house in the West.
May 26, '53—1f.

Miscellaneous.

From the New-York Observer.

THE TUILERIES OF PARIS.

This palace of the Tuileries is now open, like the Louvre, for the inspection of strangers, and I availed myself, the other day, of the privilege of visiting this celebrated and truly magnificent abode of the kings of France. Last summer it was closed, in consequence of the necessary repairs to prepare it for the imperial residence. It now shows no traces of revolutionary violence. Neither the walls nor the furniture give any indication of the great excesses which the Parisian mobs have repeatedly committed. It now shines in all its ancient glory. Nor, probably during the whole reigns of all the kings of France, has so much expense been lavished on any suite of apartments as in those where Napoleon III. holds his court. I have not visited Europe, to conceive even of so much grandeur. The same, however, may be said of all the gigantic works of art in the Old World. Their extent their variety, their beauty can no more be comprehended by a description of them, however clear and brilliant, than the wonders of Niagara can be realized by a painting. A cathedral, in a drawing, looks no larger than a common church to one not conversant with vast architectural piles. It is the enormous value of the furniture and appendages of the Tuileries, their great richness and variety, which impress a stranger. The facade of the Tuileries is more than two hundred feet in length, and the state apartments extend, in one unbroken series, through its entire length. Each room has something wonderful, or curious, or beautiful about it. In one room the visitor chiefly admires the pictures, in another, the hanging of silk embroidered with gold in the most exquisite manner. In another room one admires the lofty ceilings, carved and gilded in a style of most gorgeous magnificence. In another, one is struck with the rich Gobelin carpets woven in a single piece—carpets which have probably employed a set of weavers for several years—carpets which are never bought, or sold, but which are only used in royal palaces, and which, if seen out of France, are presents too costly except to be exchanged among the kings of the earth. In another room, the visitor especially admires the mirrors, or the chandeliers, or the tables of precious stones, or the cabinets of curious workmanship, or the clocks which tell the seconds, the minutes, the hours, the days, the years, the state of the tides and the changes of the moon. Whatever is costly, or grand, or beautiful, or rare, finds its way at least into a royal palace. And what palace more splendid in Europe, after all, than the Tuileries? To me it is much grander than even Versailles. I think the throne room as gorgeous as it is possible for a room to be made. One sees nothing absolutely but the richest velvets, and silks, and embroideries, and gems—nothing but gold and costly ornaments in every point which meets the eye. Of course I shall not venture upon a description of details, nor even would I attempt to say how many rooms I saw. I can only say that, at present, it is probably the most splendid palace in the world, and when it shall be connected with the Louvre, on the northern side, by the new gallery which Napoleon is building, to correspond with the old southern gallery, the palace will be the most extensive ever known on earth, if we may except the palace of the Cæsars. When the improvements, at present contemplated and begun, shall be finished, the Tuileries, the Louvre, and the different galleries which connect them, will form one gigantic edifice, covering with the courts, several acres, and rendered capable of defence against an army of assailants, for a time. All the basements of the new galleries and wings will be reserved for soldiers. Several thousand could be drawn up in battle array in the *Place de Carrousel*, which will be entirely encircled by the walls of the palace. In case of any future insurrection the Tuileries could be easily defeated, and the present emperor is not the man to resign his power without a struggle. He would not run away from sheer cowardice, like Louis Philippe, and then conceal his meanness under the garb of extraordinary reluctance to shed the blood of his people. Had he returned his faculties, he would have sacrificed half of Paris to keep possession of his power. But he was unworthy to fill his responsible post, and was turned out—turned out most disgracefully by a mere mob which he could have easily suppressed with little energy. Louis Napoleon will make no such blunders, and I cannot but regard the extension of the Tuileries in the same light as the building of a fortification.

Louis Napoleon, however, has added considerably to the attractions of this ancient palace of the kings of France. He has opened several new rooms on the Louvre to the public, filled them with very rare and interesting curiosities, rich and valuable in themselves, but more valuable as souvenirs of the empire of his august uncle, whose mighty shadow is his own defence in usurpation. In these rooms are deposited the crowns, the various dresses, the jewels, and the various insignia and paraphernalia of the imperial pomp which only vast conquests and illustrious deeds could sanction in the eyes of revolutionary soldiers and republican citizens. They are curious, however, rather than precious. Some Egyptian and Assyrian remains have also

been added to the museum, of considerable interest. But the various collections are already so vast that any addition is comparatively small. Any one room in the Louvre would be an object of general interest and attraction in the U. S. The room of Etruscan vases alone is a greater curiosity, in the way of ancient art, than what our whole country could afford. The treasures of the Louvre, however, were not collected in a day. They are collections of imperial and royal power exercised for centuries. It is said that the cathedral of Milan is ornamented with new statues on the accession of every new Austrian emperor, and still it appears to be scarcely more beautiful now than it was three hundred years ago. In the same way every French sovereign adds new chambers of curiosities and paintings to the Louvre, without any very sensible addition to its wonders. It is a large rectangular edifice, about four hundred feet square, and the front floor of three sides of this building, in addition to the gallery which connects it with the Tuileries, are filled with the choicest pictures of all the various schools. In the works of the old masters it is probably inferior to the Dresden Gallery, and to two or three others in Italy; but it is superior to any single gallery in Europe, with these exceptions—infinately finer than any one collection in England. But the pictures are not the chief attraction to me. The whole basement of the Louvre is filled with statuary, most of which antique, and brought at different times, and at immense expense, from Italy and Greece and Asia Minor.

At first I wondered why this ancient statuary should be preferred to the modern, but the surprise vanished upon subsequent study, and I am convinced that, in no respect, the works of ancient artists are surpassed by those of our day, in spite of all the trophies of our brilliant civilization. In the fine arts, in architecture, statuary, at least, as in poetry and eloquence, we are merely imitators, and frequently servile imitators. Genius, in this age, seeks other fields—seeks the useful rather than the beautiful. The Louvre reminds one of the ancient civilization in the works of art which are collected, after the pictures have been fully contemplated. And when this beautiful palace shall be joined to the Tuileries on the north, as well as on the south, so as to form one single, but complicated and elaborate edifice, and all its rooms filled with curiosities, as is now contemplated, it will be well worth a voyage from America to see it. It will not only be the greatest museum in the world, but also the most magnificent abode of royalty in all Europe. When completely finished, as it will probably be in three years from this time, the Louvre and the Tuileries will form one entire building, completely harmonized by architectural art, and Louis Napoleon will have the glory, if glory it be, to have realized one of the most favorite conceptions of his uncle, and one of the cherished desires of the Parisian people. The completion of the Tuileries, together with the enlargement of the Rue de Rivoli, will be a greater addition to the architectural beauty of Paris than any one thing effected by any of the kings of France. The time is probably very distant when the Louvre and the Tuileries will cease to be objects of national pride and interest, not merely from the inherent magnificence and value of the palaces, but also from the richness of their historical associations.

The Louvre is the more ancient, though not the most imposing of these palaces, so soon to be united. It existed as a royal seat as early as the time of Dagobert, and was a stronghold or prison in 1200, under Philip Augustus. On the site of this ancient castle Francis I. commenced the present palace, which was continued by Henry II. It was completed, as it is at present existing, by Louis XIV. Until the time of Louis XII. it was the ordinary city residence of the French monarchs. Charles IX. inhabited it in 1572, when the massacre of St. Bartholomew took place. It was in the chambers of this palace that the scene of the massacre was prepared, and from it were given the fatal mandates which dyed the Seine with blood, and filled France with mourning. That perfidious and wholesale massacre of 70,000 Protestants will ever be associated with this imposing edifice, for within its walls the signal of destruction was given. Louis XV. however, was the last of the French kings who made it even an occasional abode.

Since his day it has been devoted to the reception of the various museums. Napoleon here collected all that was rare and valuable on the continent; here were displayed the spoils of Italy, since restored to their lawful owners. The gallery in which the pictures were deposited, and which connects the Louvre and the Tuileries, was begun by Charles IX. and finished under Henry IV. It is 1,322 feet in length, and forty-two in width. It contains about 1,500 paintings, all the works of deceased masters, German, Flemish, Spanish, French and Italian. The more modern French paintings are deposited in the main building, which is profusely decorated. Its eastern front is considered one of the best specimens of architecture in any age. Its colonnade is the most striking feature, and appears to great advantage from the Pont Neuf.

The facade of the Tuileries, however, is more imposing than the Louvre. It was begun by Catherine de Medicis, in 1564. Henry IV. greatly enlarged it, and Louis XIII. completed it, and made it his principal residence. Louis XIV. resided in it occasionally, until the building of Versailles, when the court forsook the Tuileries, and the capital entirely, nor was it again inhabited by royalty until the latter days of Louis XVI. Napoleon made it his official residence, and since his time, it has been successively occupied by the different monarchs of France. Louis Napoleon has it habited it only since he has assumed the imperial sceptre. Since 1792 it has been three times sacked by the Parisian mob. It is, however, at present, more beautiful than ever, and is entirely appropriated to the household of the emperor, and for grand ceremonies of state. It is in the state departments that the balls and banquets of the emperor are given. The opportunity to be presented at court, I am told, has not been lost the past winter by the Americans. I have heard that as many as sixty have been presented at a time—a thing not likely to occur in England, where royalty is more exclusive, and all ceremony and pomp more expensive.

THE DUKE A DANDY.
Mr. LARPERT returns to the Duke of Wellington's wardrobe:—"In one respect he is not like Frederic the Great: he is remarkably neat and most particular in his dress, considering his situation; he is well made, knows it, and is willing to set off to the best advantage his bestowings; in short, like every great man, present or past, almost without exception, he is vain. He cuts the skirts of his coat shorter to make them look smarter; and only a short time since I found him discussing the cut of his half-boots, and suggesting alterations to his servant when I went in upon business; the vanity of great men shows itself in different ways, but I believe always exists in some shape or another." Wellington, we may add, went into battle at Waterloo in white pantaloons and Hessians, the fashion of the day, and of which a solitary pair, a relic of the glories of Holby, still gladden the shady side of Pall Mall. The Duke, on that memorable eighteen, was up long before daybreak, shaved himself by candle light, and went forth clad in dress as a bridegroom from his chamber, and as little resembling bearded Ilion, Gual as his heart could desire; for, to be as unlike the "French in the field as possible," was his main point. He scouted all the fancy-ball paraphernalia and tourneys of lace of the Prince Regent, who played at soldiers, and "thought it indifferent how a soldier is clothed, provided it is in uniform manner, and that he is forced to keep himself clean and smart as a soldier ought to be." "L'habit ne fait pas le moine," nor the man of war; "Believe me that every one you see in a military uniform is not a hero." So wrote one who was one, to Mr. Croker. *Simplex munditiis* himself, he carried the coquetry of costume contrasts so far, that he attended (says Mr. Larpernt) the allied review at Paris in his usual blue coat and white neckcloth, and thus became—like Lord Castlereagh, the only one without a star in the galaxy of the Vienna Congress—at once the most distinguished. We must notice another of his methods to make himself the observed of all observers—"his white cloak." This he wore invariably on the days of battle, and before it commenced, in order that he might be recognized at once, and no time lost in bringing him communications. "Rally round my white plume," was the cry of Henry IV., and there is much virtue in cloaks in Spain, as to what they reveal and conceal. Our younger readers well know that Cato and Virgil were laughed at for their awkward togas, and that Cicero espoused the cause of Pompey because he inferred from Cæsar's clumsy cloak arrangements that he never could turn out to be anything great. The Dictator improved, nothing at last fledged him more than disturbing the *sinus* of the mantle, "the same he wore the day he overcame the Nervii," and which he arranged when dying as if it had been his last testament. This "white cloak" of the Duke, which braved so many a battle and breeze, worthily might have formed his shroud, as the Moor Almanzor, who overran Spain, arrayed himself in every combat with a Bernous, and when each day was gained, shook out the dust into a chest, to form a glorious grave when his course was run. The Duke we may whisper, from early life a dandy, in his way, and not singular—witness his veteran comrades Lord Anglesa and Combermere, than whom two braver and better dressed officers do not exist. The Duke's, the best known man in London, soldierlike regulation look, is familiar as household words; his white trousers appeared as regularly as May blossoms—Napoleon, it may be observed, was no less vain of his *redingote grise* than the Duke was of his "gray coat," which distinguished the master from the men, the Emperor from the melodramatic gill gingerbread Murats. It must not, however, be inferred that the plain and neat Duke was insensible to decorations won in fair fight. He accepted them without ostentation, as the natural recognition of good services; yet, had he died young, like Alexander the Great, history might have pronounced him no less vain—*Edinburgh Review.*

THE HAUGHTY MAN.
It is related of a Spanish grandee, that upon one occasion he condescended to leave his carriage to walk for a short distance, when he stumbled against something in his way, and fell. He gathered himself up from the ground, and drawing himself up, exclaimed, with great dignity, "this comes of walking upon the earth." If the Hidalgo had carried his head less high, and looked down a little, in all probability he would have seen the impediment in his way, and so saved his fall. But how many men there are in every community, whose haughty and proud bearing subjects them to tumbles of this kind. We frequently hear it said of such and such an individual, that he is very dignified, and we have one in our eye this moment; but in analyzing this quality we have most frequently found that this called dignity was based upon the most intense pride. The dignified man never perpetrates a joke—never condescends to laugh, lest he should compromise himself. He bears himself towards his fellow men, as though it were an unutterable condescension to honor them with a notice.

A man who has a tolerable personal appearance, and so conducts himself, often gets the reputation of being a learned man and profound scholar; and in this, his dignity stands his friend; for not allowing himself to be familiar with his fellow, he does not commit himself, and like a great many very solemn jackasses we know of gets the name of being profound, because he could haul three or four encyclopedias of knowledge at your head, did he think it worth his while to do it, when in truth he is one of the shallowest fellows in the world, and only profound in ignorance. The man whose claims to learning or to the respects of his contemporaries, needs no starched assumption to maintain his position. It is only the haughty, dignified man, who is afraid of the approach of familiarity and geniality, and who inscribes on his brow "noli me tangere." We never meet one of these dignified men in the street, with a solemn mug, head erect, and body as stiff as though, like Lord Dufferin's ancestors, he had swallowed a walking stick, without thinking of the observation of a very tall Irish recruit, who was being drilled by a very diminutive sergeant—"Heads up." "And am I?" said the recruit, "always to hold my head up after this way?" "Of course." "Then good bye, sergeant, for I never shall see you any more."—[N. O. Delta.]

THE THIEF AND THE DUTCHMAN.
A Dutchman once called upon Friend Hopper, and said—
"A thief have stole mine goods. They tell me you can help me, may be."
Upon inquiring the when and the where, Friend Hopper concluded that the articles had been stolen by a man whom he happened to know the police had taken up a few hours previous. But being disposed to amuse himself, he inquired very seriously—
"What time of the moon was it when the goods were stolen?"
Having received information concerning that particular, he took a slate and began to cypher diligently. After a while he looked up, and pronounced in a veryacular manner—
"Thou wilt find thy goods."
"Shall I find my goods?" exclaimed the delighted Dutchman; "and where is de thief?"
"Art thou quite sure about the moon?" inquired the pretended magician.
Being assured there was no mistake on that point, he cyphered again for a few minutes, and then answered—
"Thou wilt find the thief in the hands of the police."
The Dutchman went away evidently inspired with profound reverence. Having found his goods and the thief accord, ding to prediction, he returned and asked for a private interview.
"Tell me de secret," said he, and I will pay you a heap of monish."
"What secret?" inquired Friend Hopper.
"Tell me how you know I will find mine goods, and where I will find de thief," rejoined he.
"The plain truth is, I guessed it," was the reply, because I had heard there was a thief at the police office with such goods as thou described."

"But what if you ask about de moon?" inquired the Dutchman. "You make figures, and den you say you will find de goods. You make figures again, den you tell me where de thief is. I go, and find mine goods, and de thief just as you say. Tell me how you do dat, and I will pay you a heap of monish."

Though repeatedly assured that it was done only for a joke, he went away unsatisfied; and to the day of his death he fully believed that the facetious Quaker was con-juror.—*Mrs. Child's Memoirs of S. T. Hopper.*

Riot in Somerset Ohio.
ZANESVILLE, O. Sep. 8.—Advices from Somerset, Perry co., Ohio, give us intelligence of a terrible riot at that place, the origin of which we cannot learn precisely. The Irish laborers on the Railroad have firearms belonging to the county in their possession. Two persons were killed and several badly wounded. The Sheriff of Perry county has sent here for one hundred armed men, and one of our military companies, the City Guard, under Capt. Graham, have just started for the scene. More trouble is anticipated, and the life of the telegraph operator has been threatened should he transmit any requisition for assistance.
We learn the row commenced in Welch's circus last night, but cannot give particulars.

A STORY FOR BOYS.
It is related of a Persian mother, that on giving her son forty pieces of silver as his portion, she made him swear never to tell a lie, and said, Go, my son, I consign thee to God, and we shall not meet again till the day of judgment." The youth went away, and the party he travelled with was assaulted by robbers. One fellow asked the boy what he had, and he said, "Forty dinars are sewed up in my garments." He laughed, thinking he jested. Another asked the same question and received the same answer.
At last the chief called him, and asked him the same question, and he said, "I have told two of your people already that I have forty dinars sewed up in my clothes."
He ordered the clothes to be ripped open, and found the money:
"And how came you to tell of this?" asked the chief.
"Because," said the child, "I would not be false to my mother, to whom I promised never to tell a lie."
"Child," said the robber, "art thou so mindful of thy duty to thy mother at thy years, and I am insensible at my age of the duty I owe to God? Give me thy hand that I may swear repentance on it." He did so, and his followers were all struck with the scene.
"You have been our leader in guilt," said they to the chief, "be the same in the path of virtue; and they instantly made restitution of the spoils, and vowed repentance on the boy's hand.
There is a moral in this story, which goes beyond the direct influence of the mother on the child. The noble sentiments infused from breast to breast, till those who feel it know not whence it came.—*Mrs. Whitlesey's Magazine.*

A STRIKING ILLUSTRATION.—A company of individuals united themselves together in a mutual benefit society. The Blacksmith comes and says—
"Gentlemen, I wish to become a member of your association."
"Well, what can you do?"
"Oh, I can shoe your horses, iron your carriages, and make all kinds of implements."
"Very well, come in, Mr. Blacksmith."
The Mason applied for admission into the society.
"And what can you do, sir?"
"Oh, I can build your barns and houses, stables and bridges."
"Very well, come in—we can't do without you."
Along comes the shoemaker, and says, "I wish to become a member of your society."
"Well, what can you do?"
"I can make boots and shoes for you."

"Come in, Mr. Shoemaker—we must have you."
So, in turn, apply all the different trades and professions, till lastly an individual comes, and wants to become a member.
"And what are you?"
"I am a Rumseller."
"A Rumseller and what can you do?"
"I can build jails and prisons and poor houses."
"And is that all?"
"No, I can fill them; I can fill your jails with criminals, your prisons with convicts, and your poor houses with paupers."
"And what else can you do?"
"I can bring the gray hairs of the age to the grave with sorrow; I can break the heart of the wife, and blast the prospects of the friends of talent, and fill your land with more than the plague of Egypt."
"Is that all you can do?"
"Good heavens!" cried the Rumseller, "is not that enough?"

WHAT HOPE DID
It stole on his pinions of snow to the head of disease; and the sufferer's frown became a smile—the emblem of peace and endurance.
It went to the house of mourning—and from the lips of sorrow there came sweet and cheerful songs.
It laid its head upon the arm of the poor man, which was stretched forth at the command of unholy impulses, and saved him from disgrace and ruin.
It dwelt like a living thing in the bosom of the mother, whose son tarried long after the promised time of his coming, and saved her from desolation, and the care that killeth.
It hovered about the head of the youth who had become the Ishmael of society; and led him onward to works which even his enemies praised.
It snatched a maiden from the jaws of death, and went with an old man to heaven.
No hope! my good brother. Have it. Becket it on your side. Wrestle with it that it may not depart. It may repay your pains. Life is hard enough at best—but hope shall lead you over its mountains and sustain thee amid its billows.—Part with all besides—but keep thy hope.

Man is the image and glory of God, but the woman is the glory of the man.—*Paul.*

Vanity keeps persons in favor with themselves, who are out of favor with all others.—*Shakspeare.*

Temptations are a file, which rub off much of the rust of our self-confidence.—*Penefan.*

For four years, commencing in 1844, the Whigs had control of the Legislature, and are responsible for its acts. The Laws of the State show, that during these four years, the entire pay of Members of the Legislature, Clerks, Sergeant-at-Arms, &c., amounted to only \$114,448—or \$36,112 per year. Read that over. Now attend to what follows:

The appropriation, at the first Session of the Legislature under the new Constitution, for the pay of Members, Clerks, Sergeant-at-Arms, &c., amounted to \$81,600—and for the second Session \$82,000 amounting to \$163,600, for the first Legislature under the new Constitution or more than four times as much as was paid for either of the four Legislatures under the old, when managed by Whigs. What say you to that taxpayers?

WHAT IS DIRT?—Old Dr. Cooper, of South Carolina, used to say to his students:
Don't be afraid of a little dirt, young gentlemen. What is dirt? Why nothing at all offensive, when chemically viewed. Rub a little alkali upon that "dirty grease spot" on your coat, it undergoes a chemical change and becomes soap. Now rub it with a little water and it disappears; it is neither grease, soap, water, nor dirt. "That is not a very odorous pile of dirt," you observe there. Well, scatter a little gypsum over it, and it is no longer dirty. Everything you call dirt is worth your notice as students of chemistry. Analyze it! Analyze it! It will all separate into very clean elements.

Dirt makes corn, corn makes bread and meat, and that makes a very sweet young lady that I saw one of your kissing last night. So, after all, you were a kissing dirt—particularly if she whitened her skin with chalk of Fullers earth.—*Though I may say that rubbing such stuff upon the beautiful skin of a young lady, is a dirty practice. Pearl powder, I think, is made of bismuth—nothing but dirt.*

"Mr. Smith, you said once that you officiated in a pulpit—do you mean by that, that you preached?"
"No, sir; I held the light for the man what did."

An Examination Committee, about to test the capacities of an individual for school-teaching, put the following question to him:
"At what period did France produce her greatest General?"
"At what period?" pausing and scratching his head, "at what—ah! you've got me there."
"Well, was it before or after Christ?"
"Before or after Christ? Before or after? Well, old bosses you have got me again!"

CRITICISM.—There is a certain meddlesome spirit, which, in the garb of learned research, goes prying about the traces of history, casting down its monuments, and marring and mutilating its fairest trophies. Care should be taken to vindicate great names from such pernicious erudition.—*Washington Irving.*

SCHOOLMASTER.—"Bill Tompkins, what is a widow?"
Bill—"A widdier is a married woman that han't got no husband' cause he's dead."

Master—"Very well, what is a widower?"
Bill—"Widower is a man what runs, arter widows."

Master—"Well, Bill, that's not exactly according to Johnson, but it will do."

Where love has once obtained influence, any reasoning, I believe, will please.—*Plautus.*

The seeds of repentance are sown in youth by pleasure, but the harvest is reaped in age by pain.—*Cotton.*

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.—*Solomon.*

Some are unwisely liberal; and more delight to give presents than to pay debts.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

Cunning pays no regard to virtue, and is but the low mimic of wisdom.—*Bolingbroke.*

He whom God hath gifted with a love of retirement, possesses, as it were, an extra sense.—*Bulwer.*

Perfection is attained by slow degrees; she requires the hand of time.—*Voltaire.*

Affection is a greater enemy to the face than the small pox.—*St. Evermond.*

How can we expect another to keep our secret, if we cannot keep it ourselves? *La Rochefoucauld.*

Philosophy does not regard pedigree; she did not receive Plato as a noble, but she made him so.—*Seneca.*

This same philosophy is a good horse in a stable, but an arrant jade on a journey.—*Goldsmith.*

First get an absolute conquest over thyself, and then thou wilt easily govern thy wife.—*Fuller.*

The more any one speaks of himself, the less he likes to hear another talk of *Laeter.*

The sure way of making a dupe is to let your victim suppose you are his.—*Bulwer.*

If men wish to be held in esteem, they must associate with those only who are estimable.—*Le Bruyere.*

Never marry but for love; but see that thou lovest what is lovely.—*William Penn.*